

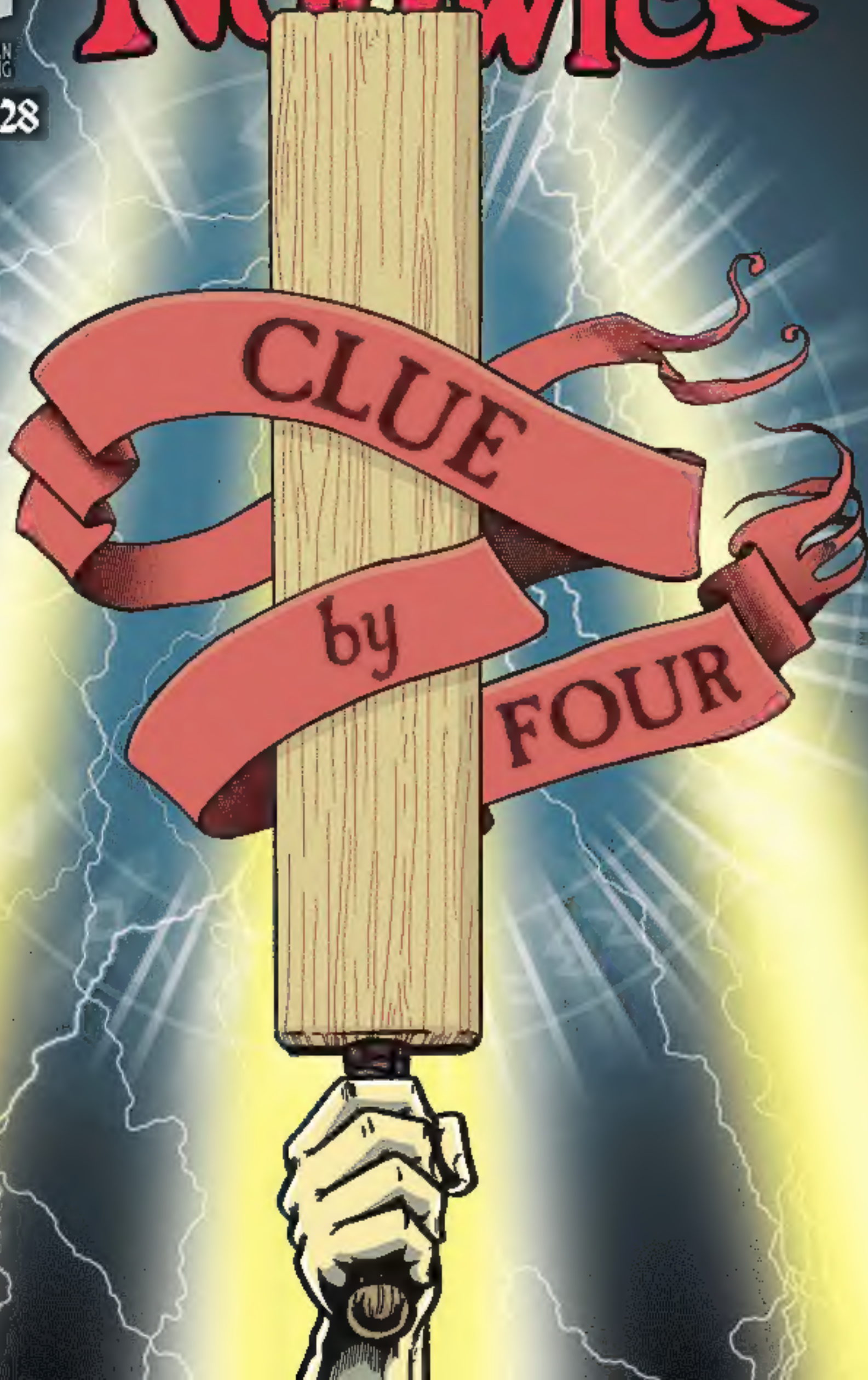


HP

HENCHMAN
PUBLISHING

\$2.99 #28

Noodnick™



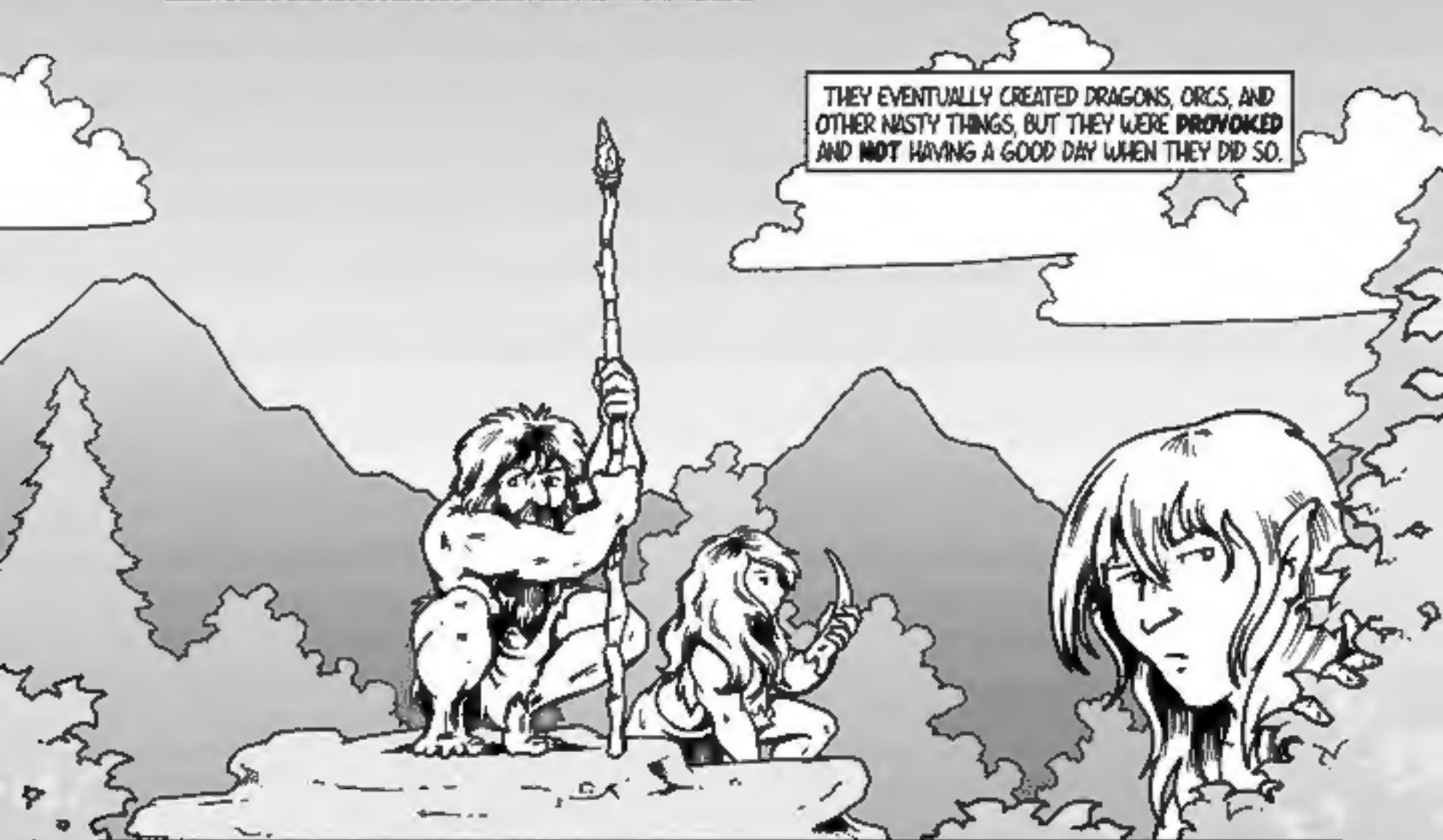
www.noodnick.com
OSP 126 • ISSN 1-933268-03-5
50299

Nodwick

by Aaron Williams

ONCE UPON A TIME, LONG, LONG AGO, METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING, THE POWERS WHAT IS CREATED SENTIENT LIFE: HUMANS, DWARVES, ELVES, AND THE OTHER HUMANOID RACES.

THEY EVENTUALLY CREATED DRAGONS, ORCS, AND OTHER NASTY THINGS, BUT THEY WERE PROVOKED AND NOT HAVING A GOOD DAY WHEN THEY DID SO.



AFTER BRINGING FORTH ALL MANNER OF LIFE FORMS, THEY DISCOVERED THAT NOT A WHOLE LOT OF THEM WERE TERRIBLY GOOD CONVERSATIONALISTS.



...SO THAT'S WHY I THINK COLLECTIVISM WORKS AS A SURVIVAL TACTIC, BUT ONLY TO THE POINT WHERE RESOURCES NO LONGER BECOME ABUNDANT. WHAT ARE YOUR OBSERVATIONS?

FLOWERS NOT TASTE GOOD.

IT WAS DECIDED TO GIVE THE THINGS THAT WALKED ON TWO LEGS A BOOST IN THE BRAINS DEPARTMENT.

NODWICK #28 by Aaron Williams, April 2005. Distributed by Dork Storm Press, published by Henchman Publishing, 5545 Holmes St. Kansas City, MO 64110. Fax: (608)255-1342. E-mail: aaron@nodwick.com. Story and art ©2005 Aaron Williams. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication save for brief review excerpts may be reproduced without the express consent of the copyright holder. This is a work of fiction: any similarities to any actual persons or henchmen save for the purpose of satire is purely coincidental. ADVERTISING: sales@DorkStorm.com. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$26 per year. Please contact adventureretail2@qwest.net, or call (651)488-2433 details. All letters to NODWICK assumed intended for publication unless otherwise stated, and become the property of the copyright holder. It takes a smart man to know when he's stupid. -Barney Rubble. FIRST PRINTING, April 2005. PRINTED IN CANADA

TO THIS END, THE TREE OF CEREBROSTIM-XTM WAS CREATED! WHOSOEVER ATE OF ITS FRUIT WOULD GAIN ENOUGH KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM TO EARN A DEGREE AT A COMMUNITY COLLEGE.

THE GODS DECREED THAT ALL SHOULD PARTAKE OF IT AT LEAST ONCE, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD.

* EVEN AMONG THE GODS, THERE WAS MARKETING.

AND SO THE BIPEDAL RACES GOT BRAINIER, STOPPED EATING THE FLORAL LIFE, AND GOT BUSY BUILDING CIVILIZATION.

THEY ALSO KEPT SCARFING THE CEREBROSTIM-X FRUIT.

THEY MADE ALL MANNER OF FOODS FROM IT, AND EVEN A SUCCESSFUL LINE OF CARBONATED DRINKS.



Coming Soon:
CIVILIZATION
Next Week:
STARBUCKS

AND WHILE THIS MEANT THEIR CREATION WAS NO LONGER A HERD OF DUNDERING CLOUDS, IT EVENTUALLY MADE THE SITUATION WORSE.

SO IF YOU'LL LOOK AT THIS ANATOMICAL CHART, I'VE HIGHLIGHTED WHERE YOU GUYS REALLY **MUCKED THINGS UP**. FOR EXAMPLE, OUR OPTIC NERVES ARE WIRED BACKWARDS, AND **HIDDLES** FOR MEN: WHAT'S UP WITH THAT? IF I PRESENTED THIS KIND OF WORK TO MY BOSS, I'D BE FIRED.



SO THE GODS STOPPED WALKING THE EARTH, CLAIMING THEY'D FORGOTTEN SOME STUFF THEY'D NEEDED TO DO AT HOME...

...BUT WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS.

YOU'LL CALL, RIGHT?

UH, SURE, WHATEVER.



EVENTUALLY, HOWEVER, HUMANOID-KIND GOT SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT WHERE THE GODS LIVED.

SURPRISE!
IS THIS A BAD
TIME?

ACME
WORMHOLE
GENERATOR

THE GODS DECIDED THAT
ACTION HAD TO BE TAKEN.

HEY! LOOK OVER
THERE! A FLUCTUATION IN THE
SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM
WITH A LEFT-HANDED
QUARK SPIN!

OOOH!
WHERE?

HISTORY IS A BIT FUZZY ON PRECISELY
HOW THE TREE BECAME DEFUNCT.

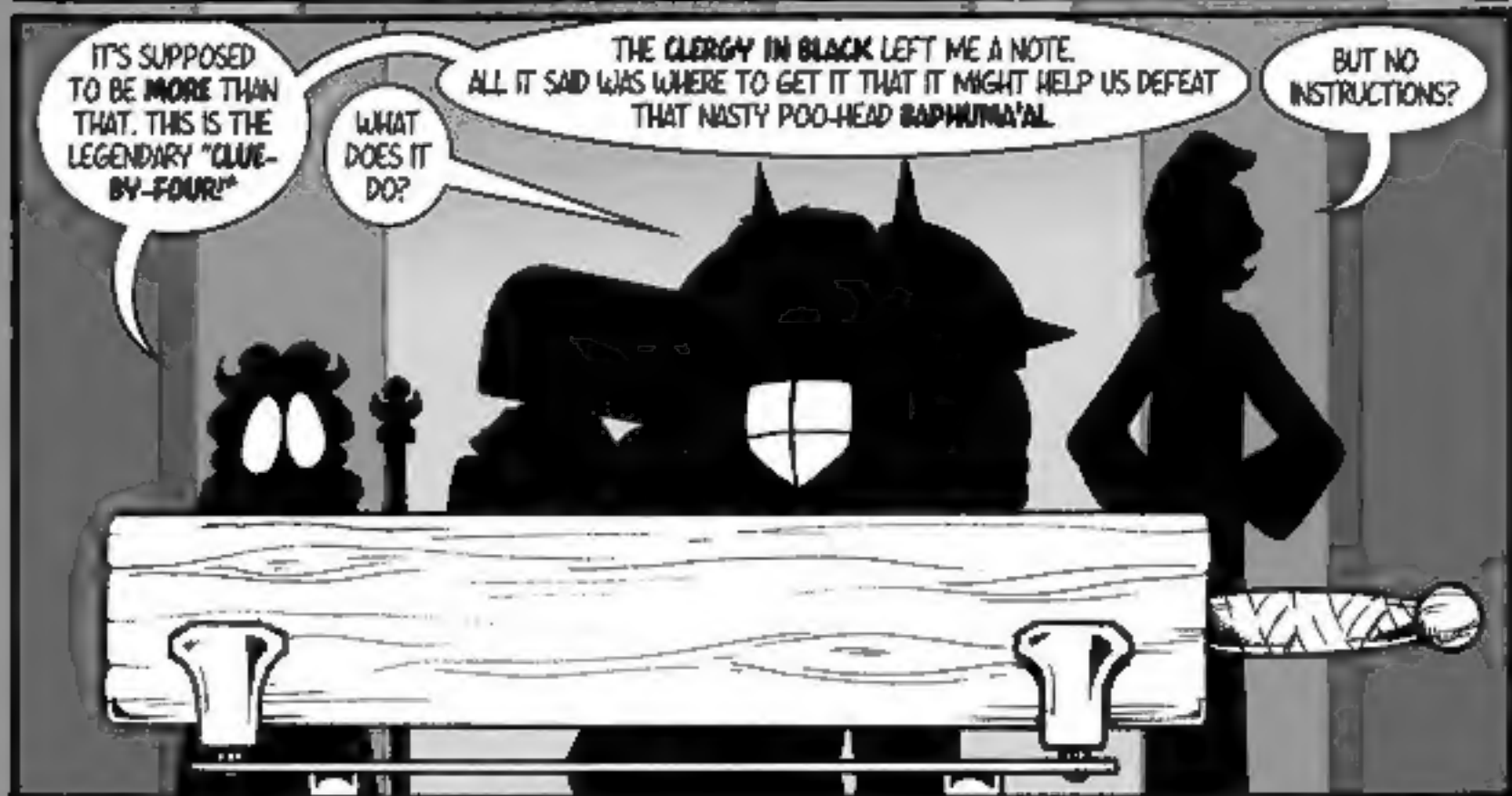
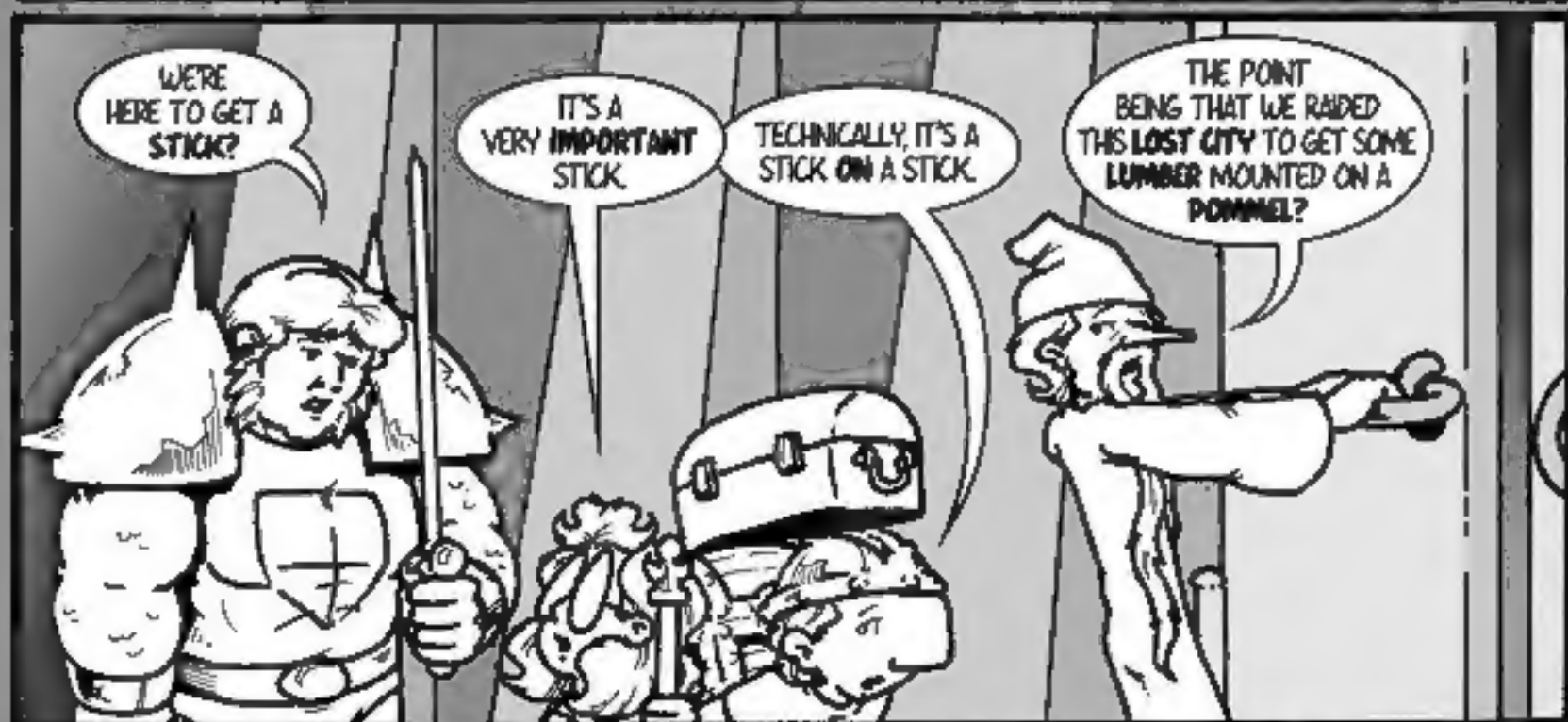
THE GODS MADE ANOTHER FAREWELL.

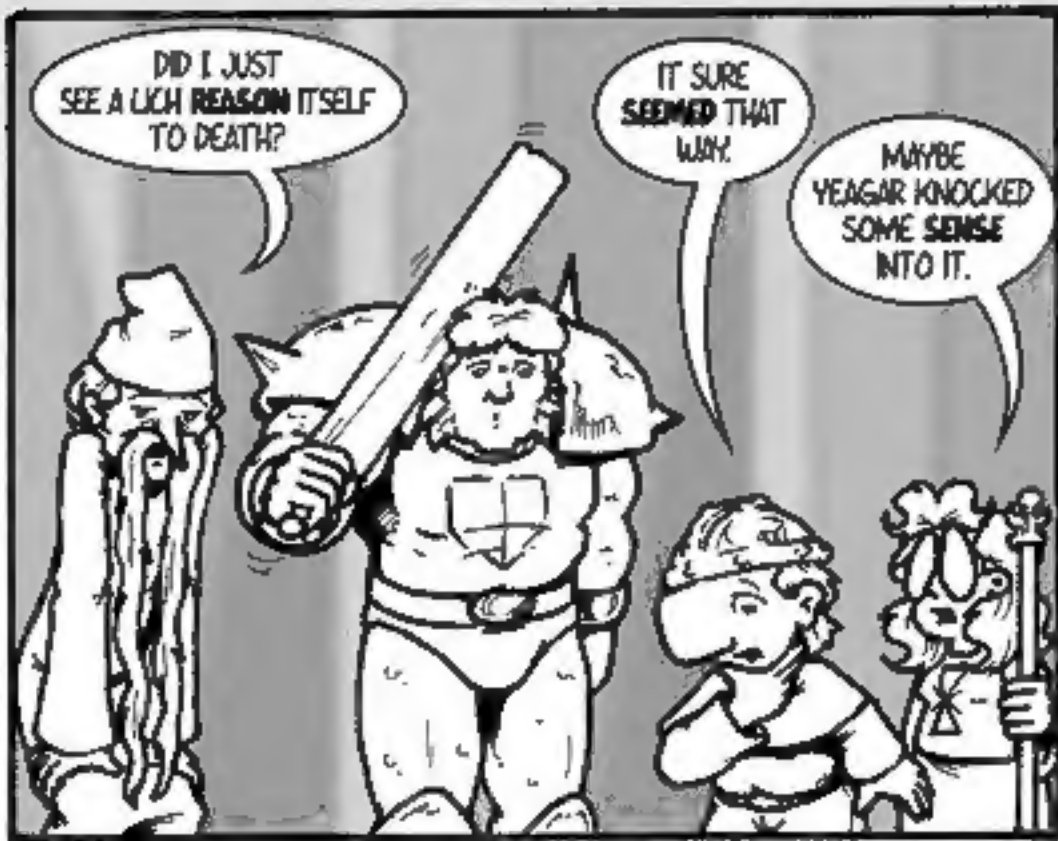
YOU'LL
GET US ANOTHER
TREE, RIGHT?

OH, YEAH, SURE.
WE'RE OFF TO THE EDEN
GARDENING CENTER. THEY'VE
GOT MORE OF THOSE
THINGS ON SALE.

BUT THE GODS NEVER CAME BACK AS BEFORE.
INTELLIGENCE HAD BECOME INTEGRATED INTO
HUMANOID LIFE, BUT IT NEVER AGAIN REACHED THE
PINNACLE IT HAD WHEN THE FRUIT WAS ABUNDANT.











OOOH! IT DOES WORK!

ANYONE ELSE THINK THAT'S A BAD SIGN?

K-CHUNK!
K-CHUNK!
K-CHUNK!

OUR HEROES DASH INTO THE UNDERGROUND CITY TO FIND...

R-R-R-R-RUNNNNNBBLE!

THAT'S BAD, ISN'T IT?

THIS CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE. TAKING THE CLUE-BY-FOUR MUST'VE TRIGGERED A VOLCANIC ERUPTION!

BUT THE CITY IS A MAZE! ANYONE REMEMBER HOW WE GOT TO HERE?

I COULD'VE SWORN THERE WAS A PATTERN TO IT...



OF COURSE! IT'S BASED ON A LUNAR CALENDAR WITH THE CENTRAL POINT OF THE CITY REPRESENTING THE POSITION OF THE NORTH STAR IN RELATION TO THE MOON AND OTHER HEAVENLY BODIES!



DID I MENTION THE WOOD MAKES YOU SMART?

LET'S GO, THEN! HOT STUFF IS HEADED OUR WAY!



ONE QUICK DASH AWAY FROM A LAVA FLOW LATER...

WHEW! JUST MADE IT!

SO NOW WHAT?
HOW DO WE DEFEAT AN ANCIENT,
MALEVOLENT GOD OF DARK MAGIC
WITH A SLICE OF LUMBER THAT
KICK-STARTS SOMEONE'S
BRAINS?



I WISH YOU
DIDN'T HAVE TO USE IT
LIKE THAT.

SEVERAL PLANS
OF ACTION COME TO MIND.
MY CONRADES-IN-ARMS. GIVE
ME A MOMENT TO GATHER
MY THOUGHTS.

I'LL JUST HANG
ONTO THE HEAD-CLUNKER
FOR THE TIME BEING,
M'KAY?





GIVEN THAT THE PROPHECIES AND WEAPONS WE COULD HAVE USED TO DEFEAT BAPHUMA'AL HAVE BEEN LARGELY RENDERED **MOOT**, THE MOST PRACTICAL FORM OF RESISTANCE WOULD BE TO RAISE AN **ARMY OF ALLIED KINGDOMS**. UNFORTUNATELY, BAPHUMA'AL HASN'T UNDERTAKEN ANY AGGRESSION OR CONQUEST OF NOTE, SO **FEAR** IF ANY RULERS WOULD BE INCLINED TO JOIN AN APPARENTLY **UNNECESSARY** CAUSE LIKE OURS.

STILL, SEEING THAT WE ENCOUNTERED HIM RECENTLY UNDER OUR VERY **HOME TOWN**, WE CAN REST ASSURED THAT HE'S STILL **ACTIVE** AND THEREFORE MUST BE **DEALT WITH**. HOWEVER, HIS BASE OF OPERATIONS WAS FLOODED WITH **RAW SEWAGE**, SO IT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY THAT HE'S STILL IN SAID LOCATION. AN ASSAULT THERE WOULD LIKELY YIELD LITTLE MORE THAN HAVING OUR **BOOTS SOILED**.

STILL, HE APPEARS TO BE ENOUGH OF A CONCERN AS TO DRAW THE ATTENTION OF THE **CLERGY IN BLACK**, BUT THE VEIL OF SECRECY THEY DRAW ABOUT THEMSELVES WILL MOST LIKELY MEAN THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO INTERVENE **DIRECTLY**, AND LACKING SOME MEANS OF TRACKING HIM, WE CAN'T PINPOINT HIS LOCATION FOR ANY KIND OF **PREEMPTIVE STRIKE**.



WE MUST ALSO CONSIDER THAT WE LACK ALL BUT **ONE** OF THE CACHE OF MYSTIC WEAPONS DESIGNED TO DEFEAT BAPHUMA'AL. PLUS, WE DON'T KNOW **HOW** IT'S TO BE **USED** PRECISELY, SO EVEN IF WE **KNEW** HIS LOCATION, VICTORY IN A CONFRONTATION WITH HIM IS **DUBIOUS** AT BEST. THEREFORE, WE SHOULD TAKE A "WAIT AND SEE" APPROACH, LACKING SOME OTHER PROACTIVE STRATEGY THAT MAY COME AT A LATER DATE.



TRANSLATION:
"I GOT NUTHIN'."

THAT'S
WHAT I THOUGHT,
TOO.

PRETTY
MUCH.

IT'S A CONUNDRUM
THAT IS MADE **NO EASIER**
THANKS TO EITHER YOUR INPUT OR
THIS **POUNDING HEADACHE** I
SEEM TO HAVE.





HAVING LOST THEIR TREASURE IN THE NOW-LAVAED CITY, NODWICK IS GIVEN A DIFFERENT BURDEN.

I THINK I'M GOOD FOR WALKING AGAIN. THANKS, FELLOW SEEKERS OF ADVENTURE!

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE STILL YOU?

YOU SOUND, WELL, EDUCATED. NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT...



TUT-TUT. I'VE ALWAYS HAD MY BEST IDEAS IN THERE, AND I'M SURE I CAN CONVINCE A FEW OF MY FELLOW CONSUMERS OF FERMENTED LIQUIDS TO ASSIST ME IN MY ATTEMPT TO COME UP WITH A COURSE OF ACTION THAT WILL LEAD TO BAPHUMKAL'S DEFEAT. BACK IN A JIFFY!

BEST IDEAS? DIDN'T ONE OF THOSE INCLUDE THE "DRINKY HELMET" WITH THE ALE KEG MOUNTED ON—

I WAS OF LESSER INTELLECT THEN.

IT TOOK WEEKS FOR YOUR NECK TO HEAL UP.

THEN I WON'T INCLUDE HEADGEAR IN MY PLANS. I SHOULD BE NO MORE THAN TEN MINUTES.

AHH, GOOD FRIENDS OF THE FLOWING CUP! I GREET YOU AND ASK YOUR HELP WITH AN ENIGMA OF SORTS. BARKEEP, A ROUND FOR THESE FELLOWS TO HELP FIRE THEIR IMAGINATIONS!

YOU HIT YOUR HEAD OR SOMETHING, YEAGAR?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, YES. SEVERAL TIMES. BUT—

WHY'RE YOU TALKIN' ALL HIGH-FALOOTIN' LIKE?

IT'S A LONG STORY, AND ONE I SHALL SHARE, BUT TO THE POINT: GENTLEMEN, I HAVE A DILEMMA INVOLVING A FOE OF MIGHTY POWER. I NEED YOUR HELP TO PLAN HIS UNDOING.

I THINK HE WANTS US TO HELP WHACK SOMEBODY.

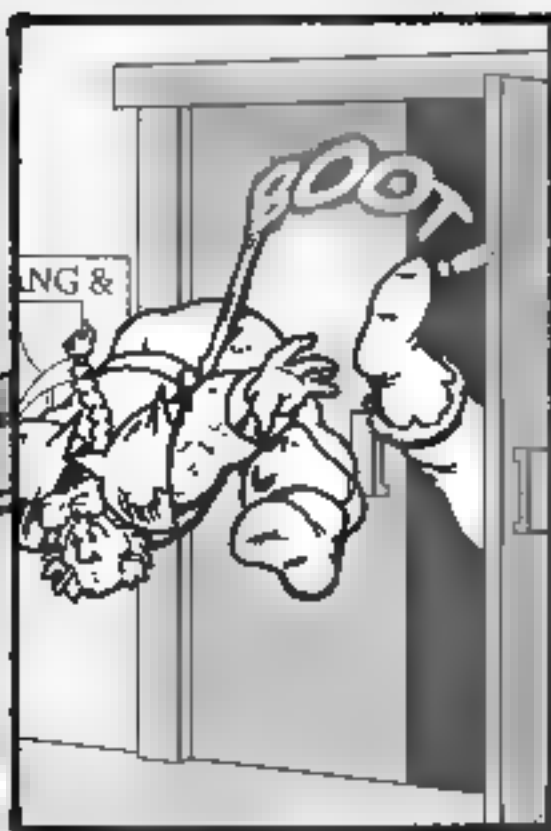
SOUNDS LIKE IT. OKAY, THAT'S FUN! YOU WANT US TO HOLD HIM DOWN OR SOMETHING?

SIGH. I SEE THAT FOR THIS TO TRULY WORK, YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN ALE TO GET YOUR MINDS FOCUSED.

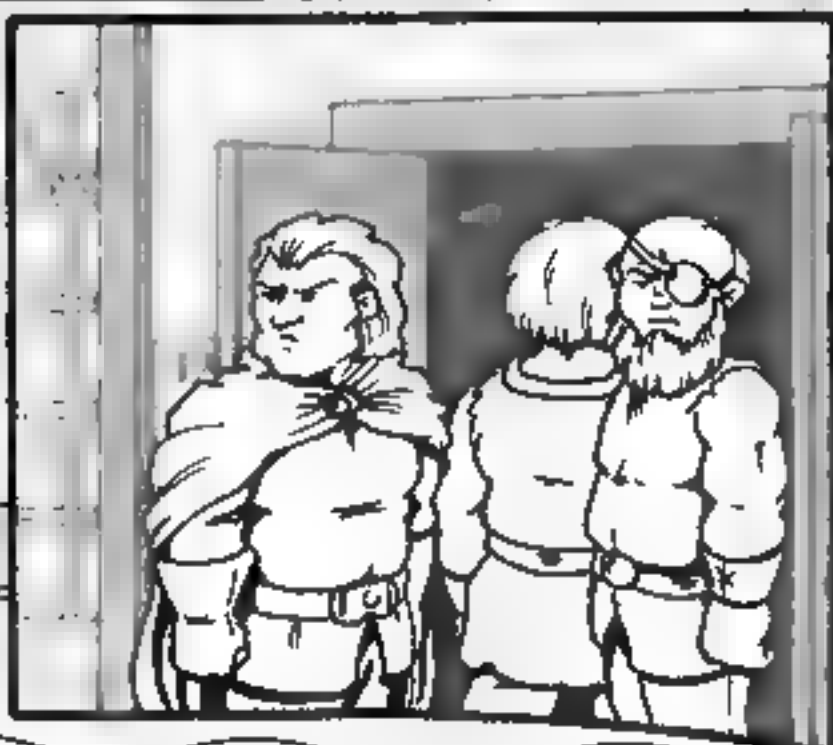
LIKE WHAT? DUNDEVEN TEQUILA?

NOT EXACTLY, BUT THE EFFECT SHOULD BE THE SIMILAR.

HOLD STILL AND TRY NOT TO BITE YOUR TONGUES.



IF I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE, I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES, NO DRAMMING TILL AFTER SUNDOWN!



THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE! I SHOULD THINK THAT SUCH BEHAVIOR WOULD AT LEAST BE ACCOMPANIED BY SOME SORT OF WARNING.

YES, BUT ENOUGH BANTER OUT HERE. LET US RETIRE AND DISCUSS THE UPCOMING MAYORAL RACE OVER SOME MODEST GLASSES OF SHERRY.

INDEED, I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN THAT THERE WAS EVEN TO BE AN ELECTION! I CAN'T BELIEVE I'D SHIRK MY CIVIC DUTIES LIKE THAT...

YOU KNOW, I HAVE SOME ROUGH CONCEPTS ABOUT THE CITY'S GOVERNMENT THAT JUST NOW OCCURRED TO ME. LET'S GO IN AND I'LL SHARE A FEW OF THEM.



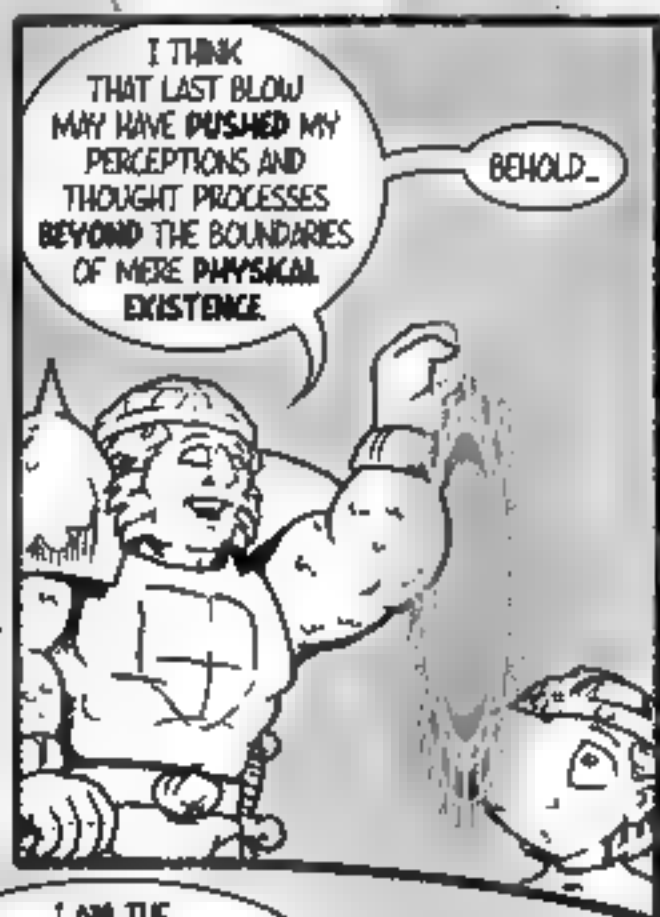




OOOH...
I DIDN'T KNOW
"CLEAR" COULD
BE AN EYE
COLOR...

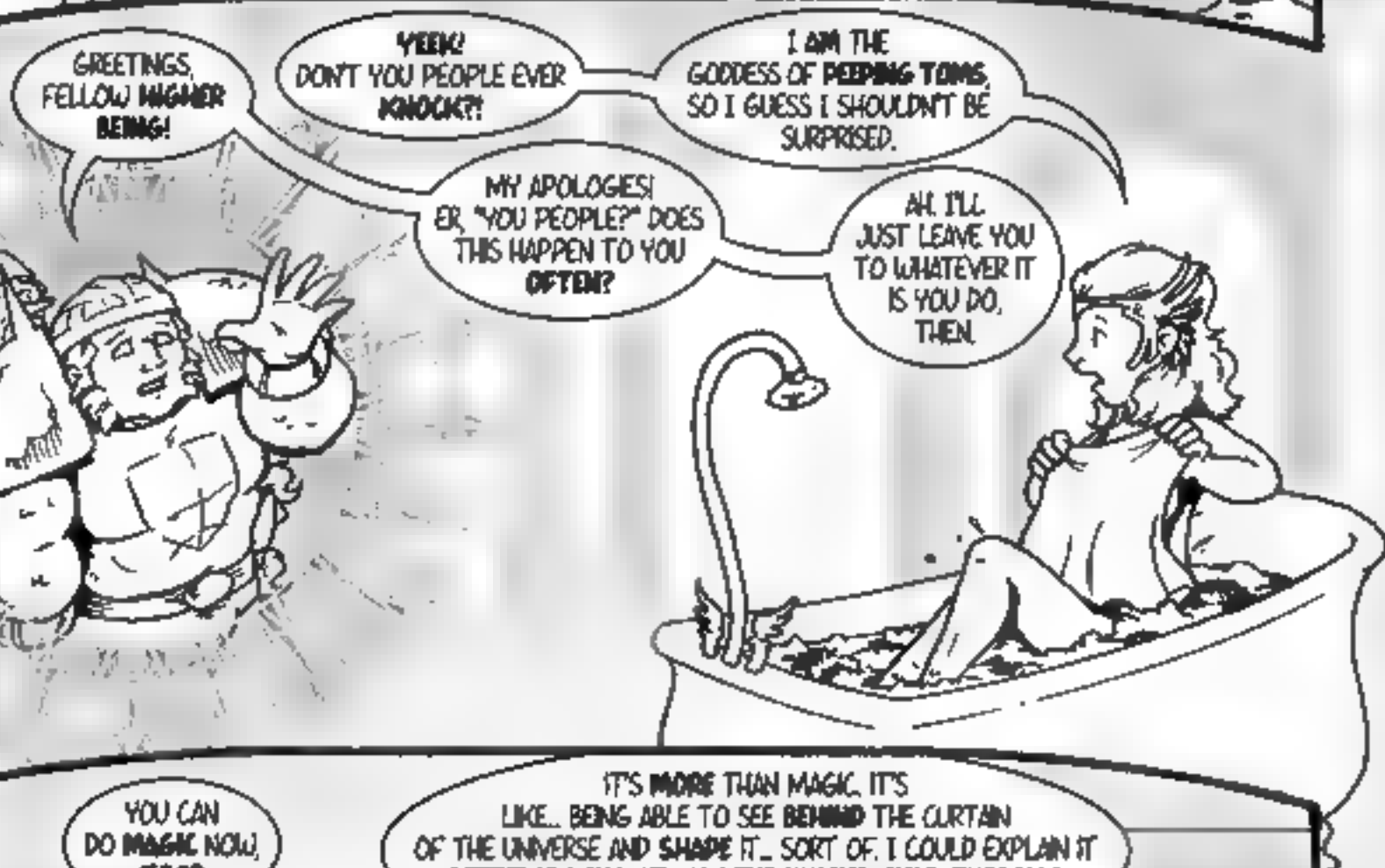
UH, YOU OKAY
THERE, BUDDY?

NEVER MORE
IN TUNE WITH THE
COSMOS, MASTER
ARTAX



I THINK
THAT LAST BLOW
MAY HAVE PUSHED MY
PERCEPTIONS AND
THOUGHT PROCESSES
BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES
OF MERE PHYSICAL
EXISTENCE.

BEHOLD...



GREETINGS,
FELLOW HIGHER
BEING!

YEEK!
DON'T YOU PEOPLE EVER
KNOCK?!

I AM THE
GODDESS OF PEEPING TOMS,
SO I GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED.

MY APOLOGES!
ER, "YOU PEOPLE?" DOES
THIS HAPPEN TO YOU
OFTEN?

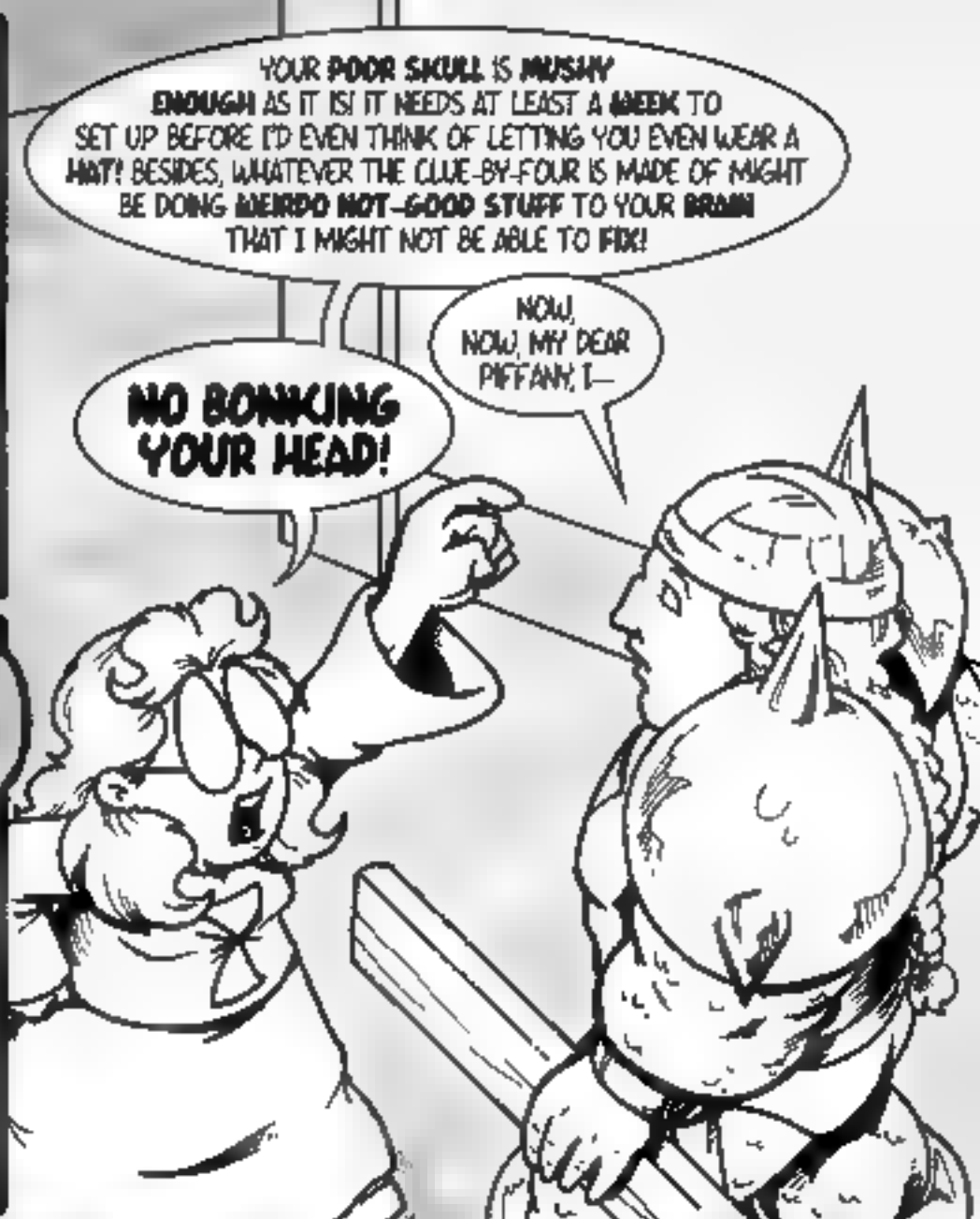
AH, I'LL
JUST LEAVE YOU
TO WHATEVER IT
IS YOU DO,
THEN.



YOU CAN
DO MAGIC NOW,
TOO?

IT'S MORE THAN MAGIC. IT'S
LIKE... BEING ABLE TO SEE BEHIND THE CURTAIN
OF THE UNIVERSE AND SHAPE IT... SORT OF. I COULD EXPLAIN IT
BETTER IF I SHOWED YOU THE UNIFIED FIELD THEORY I
WORKED OUT A FEW SECONDS AGO.

BUT HAVE
YOU MADE ANY PROGRESS
ON HOW TO DEFEAT
BAPHUM'AL?





AH, I FIGURED
AS MUCH, MY CONSCIOUSNESS
HAS TRANSCENDED THE
PHYSICAL PLANE.

OH, GREAT, AND I
SUPPOSE MORE OF YOU ARE ON THE WAY?
WE LOVE YOU MORTALS, BUT WHEN YOU
GET ALL... PUSHY...

YOU DIDNT
BRING CHARTS
WITH YOU, I
HOPE?



NO, NO,
NOTHING LIKE
THAT. MY ONLY
PURPOSE IS TO FIND
A WAY TO DEFEAT
BAPHUM'AL. I
TAKE IT YOU
KNOW HIM?

INDEED, YES. HE LEFT
HERE TO CONQUER YOUR WORLD.
WE HAD A GOOD LAUGH, DROPPED A
PROPHECY TO THE CLERGY IN BLACK
AND WAITED FOR HIM TO
RETURN IN DEFEAT.



AH, RIGHT... ABOUT
THOSE PROPHECIES. THEY'RE NOT
VALID ANYMORE.

WHAT?
HOW?

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS MUCKED UP DESTINY SO THAT NOBODY KNOWS HOW THIS WHOLE THING IS GOING TO TURN OUT. YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE BAPHUMAL IS, AND THE CIB'S LED YOU TO THE CLUE-BY-FOUR TO HELP FIGURE OUT HOW TO PROCEED?

PRETTY MUCH, YES. SO CAN YOU HELP?

ANCIENT RULES PREVENT US FROM DIRECTLY INTERFERING, AND ONE OF BAPHUMAL'S MOST INFURIATING ABILITIES IS TO HEAR ALMOST ALL OF OUR MESSAGES TO MORTALS.

A LOT OF GODS EAVESDROP. IT'S WHY MOST RELIGIOUS STUFF IS SO CRYPTIC. IT'S ANNOYING, REALLY, AND I HATE USING A THESAURUS.



WHAT IF YOU SENT A MESSENGER? ME, PERHAPS?

THAT MIGHT WORK BUT I THINK WE WON'T NEED ALL OF YOU TO FULFILL THAT PURPOSE.



WHAT IN--? I WALLOPED MYSELF IN THE HEAD WITH A STICK ON A STICK AND THEN ALL OF MY WORDS GOT HUGE.

UNBELIEVABLE! I'M EVEN MORE AT ONE WITH COSMIC FORCES THAN BEFORE!

AND I MADE YOUR EYES A LITTLE LESS CREEPY, TOO.



HEY, THERE! WHAT DOES A GUY HAVE TO DO TO GET A MASSAGE?

ARE YOU TRYING TO GET SMOTE WITH LIGHTNING?

THE ENLIGHTENED PART OF YOU WILL BE OUR WAY OF SENDING GUIDANCE TO YOUR FRIENDS. IT'LL BE A HARD JOB, TRANSITIONING BETWEEN WORLDS, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN HAVE ANY MEASURE OF PRIVACY.





MEANWHILE, THE CLERGY IN BLACK'S LEADER IS STILL WORKING ON THE MORNING'S CROSSWORD...

HMM...
FIFTY-TWO ACROSS,
NINE LETTERS, STARTS WITH
'B,' ENDS WITH 'Y.' 'ALTERER
OF ANOTHER'S FATE, FOR
EXAMPLE'



EXCUSE ME?

YES, WHAT
CAN I--?



SORRY ABOUT
THAT, BUT THIS THING ALMOST
MADE A FRIEND OF MINE BONK
HIMSELF TO DEATH.

I FIGURED
YOU COULD USE A
LITTLE EXTRA SMARTS
YOURSELF BEFORE
YOU GIVE US ANY
MORE ADVICE.



TOODLES!

'BUTTINSKY' OH,
VERY CLEVER...



BACK ON A HIGHER PLANE OF EXISTENCE...

SHALL WE GET
STARTED, THEN?
WHAT'S MY FIRST
MESSAGE?

BE NOT SO HASTY,
YOUNG... ENTITY. WE'VE GOT SOME
SPYING OF OUR OWN TO DO IF WE'RE
TO SEE WHAT BAPHUMMAL IS
TRULY UP TO.

AND VERILY, YOUR
FRIENDS WILL HAVE THEIR HANDS
FULL FOR A WHILE YET. IF THEY FAIL AT
THEIR NEXT CHALLENGE, YOU MAY HAVE
NO WORLD TO DELIVER
MESSAGES TO.

WHAT KIND
OF THREAT COULD BE
THAT DIRE?

NEVER MIND
THAT FOR NOW. WE MUST CAST
OUR EYES TO THE MORTAL REALM
AND FIND OUR QUARRY.

HMM... THAT'S ODD.
WHY WOULD I BE SEEING THE INSIDE
OF A DRAB FLOPHOUSE?

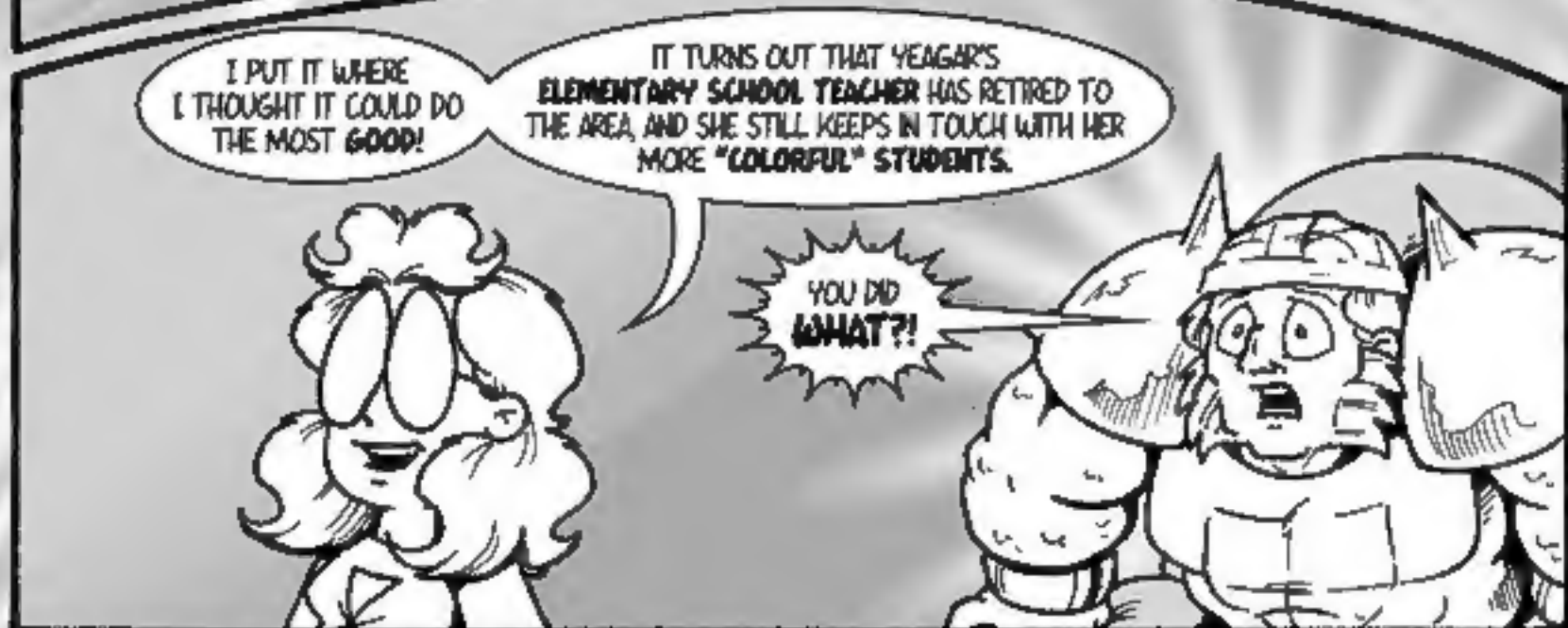
WE ARE BEING
WATCHED.

BY WHOM? I
DETECT NOTHING.

HE'S RIGHT.
THE SOURCE IS DIVINE
IN NATURE.

MY FELLOW
GODS ARE INTERESTED IN MY
FORTUNES IT SEEMS.

PERHAPS ALL
IS NOT LOST IN OUR CAUSE
IF THEY WOULD STOOP TO
SPYING ON ME.







Compiled
&
Uploaded
by



WebComixFan
on



kickasstorrents

